

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall list him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared

To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd

That so his sicknes, age, and impotence

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,

Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more

To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:

Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,

Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,

And his commission to imploy those souldiers

So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreatie heerein further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe

Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more considered time, wee'll read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:

Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together.

Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate

What maiestie should be, what dutie is,

Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time.

Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,

And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,

I will be brieife, your noble sonne is mad:

Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,

What ist but to be nothing els but mad,

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,

That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,

And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will vse no art.

Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defectiue comes by cause:

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus

Perpend,

I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,

Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,

Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beau-

tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,

beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in

her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the starres are fire,

Letter.

Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,

Doubt truth to be a lye,

But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon

my grones, but that I loue thee best, o most best believe it, adew.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (*Hamlet.*

And more about hath his sollicitings.

As.